AN EPITAPH UPON THOMAS Late LORD FAIRFAX.

1679.

Written by a Person of HONOUR.

1.

Under this Stone doth lye
One Born for Victory.

FAirfax the Valiant, and the only he,
Who e're for that alone a Conqueror would be.
Both Sexes Virtues were in him combin'd,
He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And all the meekness too of Woman-kind.
He never knew what Envy was, or Hate;
His Soul was fill'd with Worth and Honesty,
And with another thing quite out of Date,
Call'd Modesty.

2.

He ne're seem'd Impudent but in the Field, a place
Where Impudence it self dares seldom shew its Face.
Had any Stranger spy'd him in a Room
With some of those he had Overcome,
And had not heard their Talk, but only seen
Their Gestures and their Meen,
They would have sworn he had the Vanquish'd been,
For as they brag'd, and dreadful would appear,
Whilst they their own ill luck in War repeated,
His Modesty still made him blush to hear
How often he had them defeated.

3.

Through his whole Life the part he bore
Was wonderful and great,
And yet it so appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his Private last Retreat:
For 'tis a stranger thing to find
One Man of such a Glorious mind,
As can despise the Power he has got,
Than Millions of the Sots and Braves,
Those despicable Fools and Knaves,
Who such a pudder make,
Through dulness and mistake,
In seeking after Power, and get it not.

4.

When all the Nation he had won,
And with expence of Blood had bought
Store great enough he thought
Of Fame and of Renown,
He then his Arms laid down,
With full as little Pride
As if he had been of the Enemy's side,
Or one of them could do that were undone.
He neither Wealth nor Places sought,
For others, not himself he fought;
He was content to know,
For he had found it so,
That when he pleas'd to Conquer, he was able,
And leave the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble.
He might have been a King,
But yet he understood
How much it is a meaner thing
To be unjustly Great, than Honourably good.

5.

This from the World did Admiration draw,
And from his Friends both Love and awe:
Remembring what he did in Fight before.
His Foes lov'd him too,
As they were bound to do,
Because he was Resolv'd to fight no more.
So blest of all, he dy'd;
But far more blest were we,
If we were sure to live till we could see
A Man as great in War, as Just in Peace as he.

FINIS.